Week ending November 17, 1951

EVERY THURSDAY 3½D.

Picturegoer

THE NATIONAL FILM WEEKLY

DORIS DAY

"LULLABY" TEAM

• • •

ROMMEL'S NEW WAR

• • •

INSIDE THE JOY FACTORY

JAMES MASON

IN HIS GREATEST PART AS

Rommel-

DESERT FOX

'U'



FROM THE BOOK 'ROMMEL' BY DESMOND YOUNG

WITH

CEDRIC HARDWICKE · JESSICA TANDY · LUTHER ADLER

EVERETT SLOANE · LEO G. CARROLL · GEORGE MACREADY ·
RICHARD BOONE · EDUARD FRANZ · DESMOND YOUNG

Written for the Screen and Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY

The Picture all Cinema Goers have been waiting for

Generally Released NEXT WEEK

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE – OF COURSE!

WRITE TO PICTUREGOER 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

FOCUS ON FILMS

Filmdom keeps itself in focus with picturegoing opinion by keeping an eye on "Focus." So start that letter now!

How To Improve The Newsreels

THE ACTUAL length of newsreels should depend upon the amount of genuine news available. This would ensure proper coverage of big events and would cut out the need for unnecessary padding such as troop inspections, beauty contests and diving exhibitions.—*Peter Turley, 25 Windle Street, St. Helens, Lancs, who is awarded £2 2s.*

● Another £2 2s. newsreel letter will appear next week.

. . . Commentators should discard their *March of Time* voices in favour of something more intimate and conversational.—*Eric Moore, 3 Belmont Road, Bushey, Herts.*

. . . If it's a tragic item let some first-rate actor speak the commentary, if it's humorous let's have recognized comedians doing it.—*S. Marks, 8 Jamieson Road, Liverpool, 15.*

. . . No more of these geographically unrecognizable war shots in confusing juxtaposition. They add up to mental indigestion.—*E. W. Shea, 130 Landor Road, Stockwell, London, S.W.9.*

. . . Have a roving reporter and cameraman visiting each county in turn.—*S. H. Vicary, 64 Arsenal Road, Eltham, S.E.9.*

. . . Why not more imaginative camera work? No newsreel shot stands out in my mind as do some from feature films.—*L. H. Webster, 52 Hudson Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.*

. . . I am convinced that the newsreel as we know it no longer merits a place in the average cinema programme. So why not replace it with other features? One I could suggest is a weekly sportsreel, for sporting enthusiasts are almost completely ignored by the studios at present. — *B. Meiklejon, 37 Exning Road, Barking Road, London, E.16.*

WHEN I saw *The Galloping Major* the second feature accompanying it was called *Blues Busters.*

But when I went to see *Happy Go Lovely,* I had to see *Blues Busters* again. How I sat through it I do not know.—*David Mortimer, Cowells House, St. Edwards School, Oxford, who is awarded £1 1s. for spotlighting a programme point.*

● And yet there was only a month between the general release of *The Galloping Major* (on August 6) and that of *Happy Go Lovely* (September 10). *Blues Busters* was an August 6 release. Any more complaints of this type, picturegoers?

Biblical Plug

". . . And from the roof David saw a woman bathing, and the woman was very beautiful to look upon."

This Biblical extract, obviously selected for its "spiciness," appears on newspaper advertisements for the new Twentieth Century-Fox picture, *David and Bathsheba.*

Like the famous Jane Russell *The Outlaw* poster it will undoubtedly boost box office receipts, but one cannot help wondering whether it is in the best taste.—*B. G. Campion, R.P.O., H.M.S. "Lochinvar," Port Edgar, South Queensferry, Scotland, who is awarded 10s. 6d.*

No Coincidence!

Last night I went to a nearby cinema and asked for a 1s. 6d. seat. I was told there were none vacant, but that there were dearer seats.

But when I made to turn away it was suddenly remembered that there were some vacant seats at 1s. 6d.

And it's happened the last five times I've visited that particular cinema! — *D. Irwin, 27 Drake Lane, New York, Shinemoor, Northumberland.*

● Tackle the manager about it—quick!

Belvedere And Us

I cannot let your critic's article on *Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell* (PICTUREGOER, October 13) go unanswered.

I like Mr. Belvedere.

I like his crisp smugness which only he can get away with.

I like his kind motives, particularly in this film, of helping a handful of old people to try to recapture their youth.

The film has a moral, and that is more than can be said for some.

And I don't think this will be the end of Mr. Belvedere. He'll see to that himself!—*M. Standing (Miss), 1 Eastbrook Way, Portslade, Sussex.*

● But surely we're not wrong in thinking that the Belvedere style is wearing thin, and will wear thinner unless better scripts are forthcoming before long?

Not Enough

Neither *The Golden Horde* nor *Valley of Eagles* sent me into ecstasies of delight. All I saw, apart from spectacle, was the waste of good actors in poor stories.

The Golden Horde has some splendid Technicolor, but what poor acting in poor parts.

Valley of Eagles is only saved from oblivion by its spectacle.

But that's far from enough. — *E. B. Childs, 27 Gleneldon Road, Streatham, S.W.16.*

Covering Up . . .

A big bouquet to James Jarché for his brilliant cover of Zachary Scott and Robert Beatty (PICTUREGOER, October 13). This must be the best cover picture to date.—*Peter Jackson, 65 Shalford Road, South Yardley, Birmingham, 26.*

. . . Down-upsy . . .

The 1s. 10d. seats at a cinema in a North Wales town have been increased to 2s. 1d., but at a South Wales cinema they have been reduced to 1s. 9d. In both places the 2s. 4d. seats were increased by 3d.

Can anyone explain this inconsistency?—*S. W. Hillier, 25 Acton Gardens, Wrexham.*

● Probably not!

. . . Going Up

Congratulations to Oskar Werner on his performance in *Decision Before Dawn.*

I hope it's just the beginning of a stardom career.—*D. Miller (Miss), 5 Brampton Park Road, Wood Green, London, N.22.*

● Could be. On page 22 this week, Werner tops film-expert George's poll of readers' queries.

Special O.A.P. Rates

On behalf of old age pensioners, I would like to thank Associated British Cinemas for their recently introduced concession of a special pensioners' admission price.

From Monday to Friday until 3 p.m., pensioners are admitted for the nominal outlay of 7d.

My thanks also for the unfailing kindness and courtesy of the staff of our local. One is invited to sit "anywhere you like," ensuring for elderly folk maximum enjoyment for minimum expense.—*W. J. Batch, 44 Eagle Road, Wembley, Middlesex.*

Breeze From Way Back

Two dozen of the very best cigars to the special-effects man who created the breathtaking climax to Sam Goldwyn's *The Hurricane.* I saw its reissue recently and came away minus ten fingernails!

I'd like to point out that this film is now fifteen years old, and in all those years I haven't seen celluloid excitement to equal it.—*Lee Searjeant, 101 Powis Street, Woolwich, S.E.18.*

● Tells a tale, doesn't it?

"Rommel" Grouse

Rommel—Desert Fox is a brilliant film—and a disgrace to filmdom. Have we so far forgotten what Nazism means, and those who died to save us from it, that we can now accept a film which indirectly glorifies butchery by calling its exponents chivalrous? — *G. P. Wheeler, 224a Woodhouse Road, North Finchley, N.12.*

● But not so fast. See "Rommel Starts Another War" on pages 12 and 13 of this issue.

Talk And Talkies

Dialogue in so many films has deteriorated deplorably. So much so, that after such hackneyed repetition, it does one good to hand out praise to Joseph Mankiewicz's *People Will Talk.*

I hope the film will set the standard for future screen work.—*Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.*

Dear Old Barry

Who is the star with the most-lovable personality? I suggest dear old Barry Fitzgerald.—*A. Lawrence (Mrs.), 78a Kentish Town Road, London, N.W.1.*

Movie Music

Victor Young is the outstanding composer in Hollywood today. His scores for *Samson and Delilah, Our Very Own* and *Payment on Demand* are, I think, the three finest to come from any studio, British or American, for a long time.—*Derek Taylor, 54 Deanwood Avenue, Muirend, Glasgow.*

● Laurie Henshaw writes: Young's score for *Samson and Delilah* was nominated for an Academy Award, but was beaten by Franz Waxman's *Sunset Boulevard* score. The *Samson and Delilah* score has been recorded on both sides of a long-playing record—Brunswick LA8517.

Those Ciné-Sales

In the foyer of every Canadian and American cinema is a tastefully designed counter where one can buy sweets, ice-cream, drinks and so on.

It saves inconvenience inside the cinema.—*Grace Brown (Miss), 61 Elmstead Road, Seven Kings, Essex.*

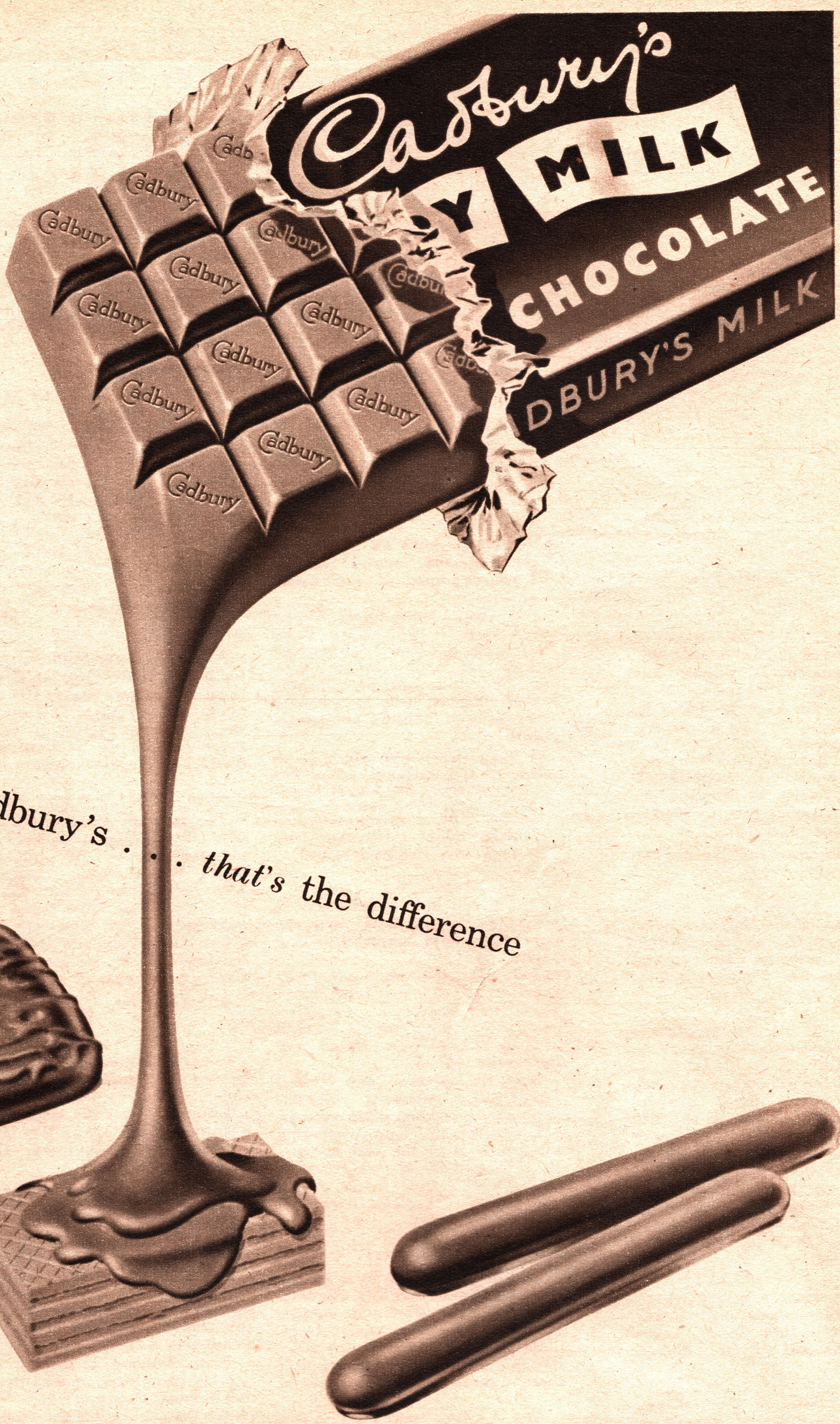
● Certainly something ought to be done about ciné-sales in Britain. They're causing lots of complaint among picturegoers.

Tough Guy

Thanks to Stephen Watts for an excellent article, "James Cagney, the Screen's Little Tough Guy" (PICTUREGOER, October 13). In three adjectives, "cocky, belligerent, dynamic," he sums up to perfection the ebullient personality of the man who is undoubtedly the screen's "most notorious double-crosser." — *Peter F. Hoyle, 29 Dowhills Road, Blundellsands, Liverpool, 23.*

. . . The Cagney "epoch," as Stephen Watts, puts it, cannot be complete without mention of one of

Continued on page 22



made by Cadbury's . . . *that's* the difference

Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits

Look for these crisp, delicious biscuits covered with Cadbury's famous Milk Chocolate—

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE BISCUITS · CADBURY'S MILK FINGER BISCUITS · CADBURY'S MILK WAFER BISCUITS

And don't forget Orange Sandwich Biscuits covered with Cadbury's Plain Chocolate.

STAIRWAY FROM THE STARS

Pauline Stroud leads the "Lady Godiva" lovelies in a debunking act. But where does it get them?

WE'VE been bombarded by ballyhoo about *Lady Godiva Rides Again* for the best part of a year. For months, Frank Launder and his lads stomped the provinces looking for a girl to play the star part.

On television the other night, director Launder said he'd interviewed nearly ten thousand young beauties.

At the same time there was much parading of bathing-suits among the beauties of the holiday camps. Camp queens, local queens, carnival queens and all the rest of them hoped to carve small parts for themselves in a picture which was first called *Beauty Queen* and then changed over to its present *Lady Godiva* label.

The whole thing built up steadily, like a private election campaign.

☆ ☆ ☆

When all the shouting and the ballyhoo had died down, it was Pauline Stroud who was chosen for the big job of debunking beauty queens in the new picture.

Now comes the problem: Will it get her anywhere, despite the fact that she made a good job of it?

And that same question goes for a score of girls, some of them professional models, who were given parts in the film.

They appear, it is true. But that's about all. Large hunks of glamour, photographed at length in places such as Folkestone, have been dropped from the film.

Indeed, at a party after the first showing, small groups of lovelies could be seen huddled together complaining bitterly: "But they cut it out! . . ."

☆ ☆ ☆

The film, which is about a girl who breaks into pictures after winning a beauty competition, will start a lot of heartburns among those who thought their big chance had arrived.

For the chance, to most of them, is like looking through the wrong end of a telescope.

One girl does get a sizeable break. She plays Pauline Stroud's girl friend. And she does well.

This part is played by Bernadette O'Farrell. In private life she is Mrs. Frank Launder.

Long Road To Stardom

IN one of London's current West End successes, "Figure of Fun," two starlets, each with a tiny part, are allowed to take a curtain call with leading-man John Mills.

Each gets a well-deserved surge of applause.

They are Lana Morris and Natasha Parry. Both were once hailed as coming big-time screen names.

Perhaps by the time these youngsters have been built up as stars they'll be too old for our studios to capitalize on their youth.

However you look at it, it doesn't add up.

They Said

JACK BENNY: "Thought I saw Tallulah Bankhead in a restaurant last night. . . . But it was only Adolphe Menjou without his moustache!"

JUNE ALLYSON (about her birthday): "I had such a bad

Two of the swim-suited lovelies with Pauline Stroud (rear) and director Frank Launder (glasses) prepare a take for the *Godiva* film

Evelyn Keyes—"The Girl with the Mating Call Eyes"! ★ Medal for George Coulouris ★ Juniors get a job in "Starlift" ★ It's ten to one on Frankie and Ava ★ The old Fairbanks films for reissue

cold that when Dick (Powell) asked me what I wanted I couldn't think of a thing."

DICK POWELL (same subject): "From now on I'll time my offers accordingly!"

LUCILLE BALL (about her new baby): "He looks like Winston Churchill. Without the cigar, of course."

ANNE BAXTER (about hers): "Never leave a baby alone with father. How can the kid be expected to look after the poor sap!"

JOHN HODIAK (Anne's husband): "Uh-uh."

☆ ☆ ☆

■ *Silliest label of the week, from United Artists, applied to Evelyn Keyes: "The Girl with the Mating Call Eyes." Over 200 words are devoted to this soul-stirring news in the company's latest bulletin. Oh, well, they say it sells pictures! But does it?*

Meeting . . .

JOAN FONTAINE and Baron Hubert Pantz.

Gilbert Roland and millionairess Doris Duke.

Jane Wyman and popular stars' attorney Greg Bautzer.

All often in gossip columns.

. . . Marrying

JACK CARSON and starlet Lola Albright.

Judy Garland and Sid Luft (Lynn Bari's ex), so it's said.

Best wishes.

Make Sure Of It!

MAKE sure you're not late in choosing Christmas gifts for your friends abroad this year—and remember that PICTUREGOER can take care of the problem for you by sending presents that last the whole year round.

All you need do is send a postal order for 21s. 8d.—19s. 6d. if your friend's in Canada—together with your friend's name and address in block capitals, to Odhams Press, 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Mark your envelope "Christmas Subscription," to avoid delay.

We'll send a special Christmas card to your friend explaining that PICTUREGOER will follow every week for a year.

Medal For George

GEORGE COULOURIS confesses he didn't like his part in *Appointment with Venus*. Yet he gave one of the best portrayals in the film.

Which shows just how good an actor he is. If you can portray a sympathetic Nazi, while hating all the Nazis stood for, you deserve a medal. Herewith.

Out Of Her Shell?

SCENE: A ritzy restaurant. A woman is ordering. "I'll have the oysters. They must be not too large, not too small; fresh, but not too cold; and, of course, they mustn't be salted."

The waiter: "Will madame have them with or without pearls?"

The woman? Greta Garbo—of course.

Starting Something

WATCH it! Hollywood's found a new trend. Latest redhead to jump into pants and make others jump the plank is Rhonda Fleming. She plays a pirate in *The Golden Hawk*.

She follows Jean Peters in *Anne of the Indies*, and Maureen O'Hara in *Against All Flags*.

Meanwhile, Jean—who's no slouch in her seadog part—takes top rôle in *Swamp Girl*.

Carrying On

THE YOUNG . . . get a fling in *Starlift*. There'll be second generation representatives of four film families:

Karen, daughter of the late Alan Hale; Glenda Farrell's boy, Tommy; Walter Brennan, jr.; and David, son of the late E. E. Clive.

THE NOT SO YOUNG . . . are still getting a fling.

Veteran Lewis Stone—of the *Andy Hardy* series—has just passed the half-century mark as an actor. He's seventy-two this month.

Currently, he's playing in *Scaramouche* as a French aristocrat. He played in the original version.

Stone was asked recently whether he'd retire. His terse reply was: "Why?"

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■ *Bob Ryan's youngsters, visiting the set of "Androcles and the Lion," were asked whether they'd like to be photographed with Jean Simmons. "No," they said, with the captivating candour of youth. "We'd sooner be photographed with the lion!"*

Odds . . .

NEW YORK bookies are laying 10 to 1 that Frank Sinatra will marry Ava before New Year's Eve. They say there are very few takers!

It's 35 to 1 that Billy Rose will remarry within the same period; and 30 to 1 against a reconciliation between Liz Taylor and Nick Hilton. The odds shortened to 10 to 1 when they went for car drives in Connecticut!

. . . And Ends

HEDY (I'm retiring from films) Lamarr's next picture is *Gipsy Girl*, scheduled for shooting early 1952.

Remember Anita Louise? She'll step out of a five-year retirement into the feminine lead in *Retreat? Hell!* Richard Carlson takes top male part in the picture.



Here's a straight-from-the-set shot of Vera-Ellen and Fred Astaire in *The Belle of New York*. Connery Chappell visits the set—see pages 8 and 9

More Fairbanks

WERE the old Fairbanks buccaneering films mere novelties—or would they stand the test of time do you think?

You may soon have an opportunity to judge.

Douglas Fairbanks, jr., has plans to reissue Pop's pictures.

Arthur The Sheik

NOT long back, American night club impressionist Arthur Blake brought his act to Churchill's, in London, then went into the ciné-variety show at the Empire, Leicester Square.

Now back in the States he's been snapped up by Hollywood.

He is to star with Joan Davis in *The Harem Girl*, but will do no female impersonation. He'll play the sheik.

Meeting The Cap'n

SINCE some bright spark got the idea of including their names in the titles, there appears to be no knowing who Abbott and Costello will meet next.

Having encountered *The Invisible Man, The Killer—Boris Karloff* and *The Ghosts*, they are now preparing to introduce their routines to—*Captain Kidd*!

☆ ☆ ☆

■ *Wondering where Teresa Wright's got to? She's been taking a long vacation with husband Niven Busch, family and friends, at Hollister, California. There, on a ranch, she's been cooking three meals a day for seven people, growing her own vegetables and generally helping Niven on the ranch. Yes, we said a holiday!*

Michelle Marches Out

MICHELLE FARMER, Gloria Swanson's daughter, says she's getting out of films. She's made one, *Monte Carlo Baby*, a French number due here next year.

Michelle's comment on filming: "When I saw certain scenes I was surprised by some of my own mannerisms."

That's not why she's quitting the studios. The reason's matrimonial. Michelle's marrying Bob Amon, who's on the production side of pictures.

Cover Point

DORIS DAY sings and dances her way on to PICTUREGOER's cover this week to mark the arrival on the West End screen of her new picture, *Lullaby of Broadway*.

The film, which co-stars Gene Nelson, raises an interesting point. Have Day and Nelson the makings of a permanent dance team of the calibre of the old Astaire-Rogers outfit?

Henry Lane weighs up the chances on page 10 of this issue.

Inside The Joy Factory

Stars taking coffee with chorus girls; boot-blacks at script talks; music in the air—Connery Chappell reports on the M-G-M lot

IN Hollywood everyone is too busy to think of the future. Perhaps that is why so few of the city's buildings look as though they have been made to last.

Sunshine, palm trees and white plaster finishing. Neon signs over plyboard; hot-dog stands and "motels" in search of some architecture. . . . In all this the Joy Factory, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's studios, is a solid, almost grim-looking exception.

It shares with the oil derricks the distinction of being the chief item in Culver City, one of the many dormitories of Los Angeles. The district looks exactly like the rest of the sprawling town around it; the same slap-happy streets with their shiny drug stores; the same boom-town air; the same uncanny lack of public transport.

Even the R-K-O studios, locally known as the Pathé lot, look just like any of the others down in Hollywood, or out in the Valley. Only the oil wells on the hill and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plant give Culver City an identity of its own.

It is here, in this Joy Factory, that Doré Schary and his retinue have produced a string of successful musicals, the latest of which is *An American in Paris*, and which go back through *Show Boat*, *Annie Get Your Gun* and *The Great Caruso*; back, even, to the days before Schary.

In between, of course, Metro makes films of a serious nature, but none more successful.

The studio itself is a busy place, with a hustle that is rather like New York. It has its own drug store, its barber's shop, and a central restaurant, called a commissary, which is rather like Waterloo Station on a bank holiday.

Salad Bowl Democracy

Here you see everyone—world-famous stars, carpenters, directors, electricians, writers and scene shifters; bit players in greasepaint; office girls in a hurry.

It is a healthy business, this democracy of the coffee cups and the salad bowl. Vera-Ellen sits chewing cheese, talking happily to a girl earning a twentieth of her star salary. You look around—and count two dozen "names," champing at the bit with their friends the workers.

This is Hollywood in microcosm, the restless, ambitious, exciting Hollywood in which keen people work like dervishes at the business of entertaining us.

In this fervent factory, coloured boot-blacks will give you a shoe-shine while you talk at a script conference.

Here Cadillacs rush up and down the streets between the sound stages. Five thousand people work on the Metro lot, the largest payroll in Hollywood.

LET'S start a trip round the Joy Factory by passing the time of day up aloft with Doré Schary, for he is the man Culver City is talking about. And what Culver says today the rest of Hollywood says tomorrow.

When we were last here, fifteen years ago, Louis B. Mayer reigned supreme in marble halls, and Irving Thalberg was working himself to death in a small bungalow of his own choosing.

The New King

Today Thalberg is a name engraved in plaster and Louis B. has retired to count his dollars and branch out on his own. Schary, who has taken his crown, has left the throne room empty. Instead, he works in the administration block.

Schary is a massive man and a good talker, immensely careful of his personal public relations. He was a writer. He shows none of

THIS WAY TO HOLLYWOOD

by THE EDITOR

One of the Joy Factory's latest finds—Denise Darcel, who's featured in the Glenn Ford film, *Young Man in a Hurry*

THIS WAY TO HOLLYWOOD: 4

Continued from page 7



Celebrating the four leading rôles he has landed to follow his current number, *The Merry Widow*? Fernando Lamas, with his wife, choose the Mocambo for a night out. Hollywood table talk : Lamas is heading upwards

the personal dynamics which characterize young Stanley Kramer; he prefers to appear as the thoughtful type, a man with a big personality who can dispense with the theatrical.

We feel as we talk with him that he could have done equally well tooling up a car factory, running a publishing business, or sitting in as president of a bank.

He is what Americans would call a top executive type. His appointments start early and go through the day at fifteen-minute intervals. The world waits patiently for him outside his room.

But although he talks quietly, Schary has important things to say. He believes that films should have messages, although he does not believe they should be long-haired or dull. He is at the moment deeply impressed with the need to show America and Americana in the best possible light. To do otherwise, he says, would be an abuse of the film medium and of your responsibility to it.

So Schary, in addition to planning all the pictures of this vast empire, is concentrating on one or two as his own personal productions.

He has just finished *Westward the Women*, a story of the early drive of the settlers to California. Away down on one of the rehearsal stages is a women's choir, rehearsed by Johnny Green, Metro's musical director, and conducted by Geoff Alexander. It is singing special choral music written for the film.

After *Westward the Women*—only the frills are waiting to be added—Schary is to tackle *Mr. Congressman*, a film that will tell the real story of Washington without muck-raking. He is a man who has no time for the American phrase known as "dishing the dirt."

He is also planning *Plymouth Adventure*, with Spencer Tracy, which will deal with the sailing of the "Mayflower."

Here again we see his idea of pushing America, with its ideals and its achievements.

There are few worries in Mr. Schary's well-ordered world. He sits in on his script conferences and spends many hours a week listening to the "readings" which precede actual production.



Keefe Brasselle gives his daughter a lift up at a garden party. Around Town Keefe's said to be giving his own career a big lift with the musical, *Skirts Ahoy*

Musical Answer

He is interested rather than worried by television, and it may well be that his vast musicals, which have played such a happy tune for his studios, are a deliberate attempt to answer TV. For while television can possibly compete against your ordinary picture, it looks pretty silly up against *An American in Paris* and *Show Boat*.

WITH this thought we leave Mr. Schary and go down to factory level. Our first call is on *The Belle of New York*. This, needless to say, is a Technicolor musical, for which an entirely new score has been written. This last point is rather sad news.

Fred Astaire has finished his job on the picture, shooting on which is now winding up, but Vera-Ellen is here, charming as always.

The film's dance routines have been shot and only oddments remain. Vera-Ellen, although not on call, is sitting by the set. She is one of those people who are happy only when working.

ON the next stage Mervyn le Roy, who made the sprawling *Quo Vadis*, in Rome, is changing to something very different. *Lovely to Look At*, his new film, is yet another Technicolor musical. It co-stars Howard Keel, Red Skelton and Kathryn Grayson.

Skelton is on the set and feeling very pleased with himself. He has reason to be, for only the previous Sunday he started off in the first of a series of nation-wide TV programmes.

The show itself was warm and funny, and the reception by the public was excellent; the party which launched the programme, and which we attended at the Beverly Hills Hotel, had been a good evening's fun. And, said Red warmly, the cash was good.

So Red is on the band wagon. He is one of the first of Hollywood's topline stars to get permission to do live TV shows.

Naval Display

THE third of the Metro musicals is *Skirts Ahoy*, and this again is in Technicolor, as though you didn't guess. It stars Esther Williams, and its cast includes Joan Evans, Vivian Blaine, Keefe Brasselle and Barry Sullivan.

This is one of those pieces produced by Joe Pasternak, a small man with a large head. He stands thoughtfully by and surveys an enormous sound stage which has been rigged out as a naval gymnasium.

At the far end is a dance band, while on the floor literally hundreds of nautical types gyrate in waltz time. Wrens and Waves go cavorting round, while a camera perched high above them moves from one end of the scene to the other.

Joan Evans, who is under contract to Sam Goldwyn and who has made only a few pictures in her short career, tells us that this is her first musical. We suspect



Bob Arthur and Joan Evans share a table at a fancy dress party. On duty Joan's making her début in a musical number—Esther Williams's *Skirts Ahoy*



The beard Craig Hill is growing for his new film is given a close inspection by Debbie Reynolds at one of those big first nights

this hardly applies to Barry Sullivan, who we remember for his work in *The Great Gatsby*.

Keefe Brasselle, an interesting type, is now probably only one jump away from being a star.

HANGING around just outside camera range are an interesting assortment of people who belong to a different world. They are buxom showgirls in cancan costumes, ladies in bustles and low-necked dresses. They are extras from *The Merry Widow* set, which is only a few stages away. And in this case, too, we hear, the original music is to be little more than a distant echo.

Time, in dance time, marches on.

On the set of *The Merry Widow* itself we meet Fernando Lamas, who has just been signed for four more leading rôles in a row. His last, as far as we can remember at this distance, were *The Law and the Lady* and *Rich, Young and Pretty*.

Now, if anything is certain in Hollywood, and some things are, it is a reasonable bet that Master Lamas, a spare-looking Latin will be way up at the top before very long.

In the middle of the studio is a reproduction of Maxim's, home of Edwardian delights in the days when Paris was Paris and the black market was merely on the menu. More of the showgirls loiter around; there are more nattily dressed gentry in ruffled evening shirts.

WE pass on into yet another sound stage and to the first film we have met which isn't a Technicolor musical. Instead, it is called *Young Man in a Hurry*, and it stars three interesting people — Glenn Ford, Ruth Roman and Denise Darcel.

La belle Darcel, with whom we later bite a biscuit, turns out to have made a name for herself as a freelance cabaret singer, and is now getting her first real break in Hollywood.

The Roman, who is as stately in real life as we expected, is a flashing-eyed miss with a worldly wise line in patter as she telephones home to her ranch. (A portable outside phone is always placed handily to a film set in Hollywood. It saves people walking off when they are busy.)

The Roman, we decide, looks the proverbial million dollars, and before long will undoubtedly be worth them.

Her film is being directed by one of Hollywood's wisest hands, a man named Mitchell Leisen.

One-take Man

MR. LEISEN scares us. We watch him take a scene in which beautifully dressed and softly voiced society types have a little quiet conversation over dessert at the dinner table. All is charm and elegance and poise.

What surprises us is that the shot, and we judge it to have quite a bit of importance in the plot, is taken only once. In a British studio, alas, they would have shot it half a dozen times and then repeated it for luck.

When we take this up with Mr. Leisen, who knows more about directing quick-paced comedy than most of us, he explains quite simply that he frequently photographs a scene only once. This throws a terrible responsibility on his cameraman, but it also saves time and money.

It makes for efficiency, and it enables him to get four minutes of screen time "in the can" each day. This would make some of the long-haired boys around the British studios lie down and weep.

NEXT door Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Mel Ferrer, and Janet Leigh should be working on *Scaramouche*, but they aren't. The reason is simple. Our James has retired to bed with flu, leaving the little woman to keep up the family flag with a spot of work on *Androcles and the Lion*.

So *Scaramouche* has retired for the day, and here's one corner of the Joy Factory where for once there is no joy.

INSTEAD, we take a trip round the block and meet Gene Kelly. He is busy making *Singing in the Rain*, which, as if you hadn't thought it out, is another musical, also in Technicolor.

Now a visit to Mr. Kelly is not unlike being received by one of those priests one reads about in distant Tibet. He is not a fellow who leaves the door wide open for all-comers. He is a bit of a recluse, and this corner of the Joy Factory is quiet and reflective.

In practice, a Kelly film carries on largely in a private rehearsal hall in a distant part of the studio. The routines are worked at, and worked at, and worked at.

Not until the last minute does a camera get anywhere near them. So a tradition has grown up with Mr. Kelly, and when he is filming the Joy Factory leaves Kelly alone.

He has a simple dressing-room suite in front of his rehearsal stage, and anyone who calls in on him, as we do, gets a hurried glimpse of dancers stretching themselves in the way dancers do. It is possible that Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor are in the fracas. When we see the finished picture we will no doubt know.

Signpost To The Top

LEAVING the set we meet Richard Anderson for the first time. This young man is twenty-six, modest, a New Yorker and a product of the New York stage.

At present he is playing in *Scaramouche*. He has a hunk of the new Spencer Tracy picture, *The Unknown Man*, and you may have seen him around in *The People Against O'Hara*.

Over against the main Joy Factory restaurant is a large notice board which claims to deal with outstanding new personalities of talent. Needless to say, they are, naturally, all Metro people. Today's candidate for fame, as we walk by, is Richard Anderson.

THERE is not a lot on in the rest of the studio. Van Johnson and Dorothy McGuire are making *The Invitation*, which is being directed by the younger Reinhardt.

Outside the largest of the recording studios is a bundle of bespectacled young women.

They are the choir, ready to rush inside and blast out choral effects for *Westward the Women*.

All around us at this moment the Joy Factory is hard at it. The slogan is the opposite of Mr. Schary's new film.

It is eastward the Technicolor.

NEXT WEEK: *On location with Ann Sheridan and John Lund: Dining out with the stars: Au revoir to sunshine.*

ASTAIRE-ROGERS *Nelson-Day*



Gene Nelson and Doris Day, stars of *Lullaby of Broadway*. Is there a weak point in the team?

Can the "Lullaby of Broadway" team take the place of the "Top Hat" pair? Henry Lane thinks they stand a sporting chance

SOMETIMES during a musical I close my eyes—not necessarily because it's *that* bad — and imagine Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are dancing up there on the screen. It makes a lot of difference. They were the tops, and no doubt about it.

There are other individual dancers, maybe, just as pleasing as either Fred or Ginger. When it comes to twosomes, though, you won't find any of them sporting my personal Seal of Merit..

That was the case, at least, until some time ago I took a look at *Tea for Two*. The old eyelids were just drooping when a couple tapped and twirled a number together. Doris Day and Gene Nelson, eh? An eye-opener, that duo. H'm. Could be. . . .

Could be that here, in embryo, so to speak, is a team to rock the pedestal of the long-lauded Astaire - Rogers partnership. Could be that the rocking will start fairly soon, for Doris and Gene have co-star billing, all to themselves, in *Lullaby of Broadway*, a musical which is just around the corner.

What exactly are their chances?

Both individuals are eminently worth looking at. Doris Day, as if I needed to say so, is the personification of vitality and charm, with a sort of bouncing grace, a puckish twinkle and a demure roguishness that endear her to practically everyone.

Where's The Secret?

Her singing—well, inasmuch as her records are best-sellers, we needn't go into that; and her dancing, if not brilliant, is pretty polished.

Nelson is a personable, crinkly-smiled, good-looking fellow with an amiable, if not overstrong, personality. And his dancing is tops. He'll go far.

Put the two together and. . . .

No, sorry. They aren't after all; they just aren't Ginger and our Fred.

The secret of the Astaire-Rogers success is an elusive thing, but maybe we can put salt on its tail. Let's try.

At least seventy per cent of the partnership's success was due to Astaire. He was, and still is, not only a supremely accomplished artist in his field, but also the possessor of a most agreeable personal appeal.

In those Astaire-Rogers films, Fred had—and still has, but let's stick to the past tense for convenience—an irresistible impishness and polite cheekiness which made even a corncrake singing voice attractive.

Which immediately makes it sound as if all that was needed to make a hit team was a competent and comely young dancer to play opposite Fred. Yet Ginger was the one and only to fill the bill. Her personality blended perfectly with Fred's.

The whole secret, in short, is the factor you'll often find in the happiest marriages. Their personalities complement each other perfectly, and everyone lives happily ever after.

The Astaire-Rogers films — *Top Hat, The Gay Divorce, Swing Time* and the rest—realized this personality-coupling factor to the full. The scripting was first-class of its kind: Ginger's rôle usually gave her a slightly frozen aloofness, and Fred was the cheeky and feather-light ice-breaker.

Films Were Altars

The pictures themselves were excellent altars for the wedding of the couple's individual styles. And there were first-rate tunes as well, and top-notch supporting players. . . .

And so what? Well, here's the point. Although Nelson may not be an Astaire, and though la Day is in an entirely different class from Miss Rogers, the new pair complement each other almost as much as did the past masters. Their personalities blend extremely well—maybe in a less striking way, and certainly in a different way, but they blend nevertheless.

If there's a weakness in the new team—and so far we can judge only by the few scenes the youngsters had together in *Tea for Two* and *Fine and Dandy*—that weakness is in Gene's lack of a very positive personality. It is quite a weakness, too; but I've a feeling that good direction can remedy that, can inject a personality into him as it were.

One thing's sure. I shan't shut my eyes during *Lullaby of Broadway*. Day and Nelson will be worth watching.

SHOOTIN'



Barbara Kelly—"about as new to films as she is to shooting"—gets a hand from David Tomlinson

FISHIN'



Clive Morton, one of the "best people" in the film, catches Brian Oulton, a man from the Coal Board, who's been poaching

AND FILMIN'



The camera is levelled, the microphone held ready, and stars Barbara Kelly and David Tomlinson stand waiting for director Henry Cass's "action" cry

Hugh Samson's Studio Round-up joins the "best people" for a grouse shoot on "Castle in the Air"

EVER felt you'd like to be classed among the "best people"? Here's what to do. Dig out a dilapidated suit of old tweeds. Hire an important-looking double-barrelled rifle from a gunsmith. Fix yourself up with a pair of sleek-coated spaniels. Set moth-eaten cap at well-over-the-nose angle. Depart as speedily and as noisily as possible in a rattling shooting brake for wide-open spaces.

How does this column know? Because it's been getting the know-how. It's just returned from a "shoot" itself.

"Studio Round-up" has had its own private shooting party at Chobham Ridges, Surrey, together with members of the film unit making *Castle in the Air*.

Hosts were producer Edward Dryhurst (turn on "The Dream of Olwen" as background music, please) and director Henry Cass. The "big shots" were David Tomlinson and Barbara Kelly—a blonde just about as new to films as she is to grouse shooting.

THIS, let me tell you, was shooting made easy—from the rifle point of view, that is. But it was all agin the rules. As David Tomlinson and Barbara Kelly pointed rifles skywards and pulled the triggers, not a single grouse fluttered from the skies.

As for the sleek-haired spaniels—there was a trainer, constantly referred to by director Cass as "Mr. Dogs," coaxing and persuading them to do what all the best shooting dogs do in the best shooting circles. Pick up the shoot.

The shoot on this occasion consisted of grouse bought out of cold storage for 14s. 6d. each. The dogs weren't deceived. They didn't approve; didn't show any signs of picking them up.

Everyone fell to and held a lengthy grouse conference. Result: A property man sped by fast car to Guildford to buy up more grouse—straight from the slab, not the fridge.

That's the stuff to give the dogs!

ACCORDING to an Elstree "spokesman"—for it's at A.B.C.'s Elstree studios that interior scenes will be shot—David Tomlinson gets his "first starring rôle in *Castle in the Air*."

"Congratulations," I said, as David took time off from filming.

"Thank you," he replied. Then looked puzzled. "Why?"

"Your first starring rôle."

Tomlinson's mouth dropped. "This isn't my first starring rôle," he protested.

I knew. I had a salvo ready, and pointed out that the big news appeared in a publicity handout. He chortled at that. He pushed back moth-eaten cap (the studio fixed him up with that) and said: "You mustn't believe all you see down in print."

He's telling me.

Anyway, in the end, David agreed that his part was "well, the sort of top-of-the-film rôle."

He's playing one of the very best people, too: the Earl of Locharne. He's a penniless type, trying hard to save his neglected Scottish castle from the hands of the Coal Board.

He had to learn the sport of the "best people" for the part.

"Terrifying," he said. "They sent me out on a hunt to get the idea. I aimed, I fired and"—he smiled, blandly—"and killed a rabbit."

But the thought of it seemed too awful. He shuddered and disappeared.

SITTING on a mossy bank, looking very county and well groomed, was Barbara Kelly. Let's have a quick introduction, because Barbara, quite new to films, apart from an odd bit in *Tale of Five Cities*, gets a large slice of *Castle in the Air*.

She comes from Canada, made herself known with her husband in a couple of "Braden" radio series.

Confessed Miss Kelly: "I know nothing about films. Nothing at all."

Barbara admits she's in British films to get experience to start a branch of filmdom in Canada with her husband. They've already a blueprint for that.

PICTURE the contrast. Clive Morton, shotgun under arm, ferocious and menacing. Opposite: Brian Oulton in pin-striped trousers and black homburg clutching a huge salmon and looking guilty.

So he should. He's supposed to be a conscientious type from the Coal Board. But in this scene he forgets his duties and goes poaching. Worse, he gets caught in the act.

But what a big, juicy salmon! To get it, studio buyer Dudley May bowled along bright and early to Billingsgate. "I want a three-foot salmon," he said.

"Blimey," roared the man behind the counter, "are we supposed to measure them now?"

Exacting, these film wallahs!

AND now off we went into action. More shooting scenes. David Tomlinson and Barbara Kelly started potting at the skies again.

A young man in blazer and flannels kept an eye on them. It was Ewan Roberts, who, apart from having a biggish part in the film, is also technical adviser on Scottish lore.

You'd hardly think that necessary with the strong Scottish blood flowing in the veins of some of the Associated British chiefs.

But there it is!

Rommel Starts Another War

The critics have blitzed "Rommel—Desert Fox." But the wily tactician seems to be turning the tables. At least, that's the latest report from the picturegoing front

IT was anything but quiet along the Fleet Street front. *Rommel—Desert Fox* had arrived and the critics were making it hot for him. In fact, not since the call up of Errol Flynn to take over command in Burma had they put down such a wordy barrage against a war film.

But at Rommel's higher command, Twentieth Century-Fox, there was no such word as retreat. The biography of the soldier who was respected almost as much by his enemies as by his own men and people would go out to local cinemas—next week, in fact. No *Objective Burma* appeasement for them.

So here was a situation that would surely have appealed to the admittedly dull sense of humour of the master of tactics himself. Erwin Johannes Eugen Rommel, born 1891, died 1944, a general field marshal of the German Army, second World War, had started another war.

What was it all about? Keep that question on ice for a moment while we look at the opening phase of the film—it'll help us to get this man Rommel into perspective and measure the critics' attack on him.

The prologue to *Rommel—Desert Fox* is the most stirring, breathless, sizzling sequence I have seen in any war film, British or American. It depicts the raid by British commandos on one of Rommel's headquarters during the height of the ding-dong desert campaign.

But "depicts" is the wrong word here—the film actually takes you along on the raid.

After landing from a submarine, you creep up on the villa, knife sentries, then burst into the building and spray bullets at everyone you can see. You run along corridors, kick open doors, repeat the bullet-spraying process and throw in a few hand grenades for luck.

Not a word is spoken.

Your team-training tells you it's time to slip back into the darkness and make for the coast.

But like its celebrated leader, the staff at this headquarters is quick to recover from a surprise attack. Germans are shooting at you now.

Out there in the darkness you see yet another of your party fall. It's the captain, although you wouldn't know that from his hooded rig. You dive for the shadow of a tree. You see a German, gun in hand, use his foot to turn the wounded captain on to his back.

The captain looks up, you hear him ask the German: "Did we . . . did we get him?"

And the German, a hard smile cracking his mouth, replies: "Are you serious, Englishman?"

Menace to Morale

Now everyone—particularly those of us who fought against Rommel—knew why that raid to kill him was staged in the November of 1941. Rommel was getting too popular—on our side.

It was a strange Army unit indeed where the slogan "Send for Rommel" wasn't heard every time the N.A.A.F.I. rations were late.

Yes, although we were fighting him, we were quite prepared to let him soldier along with us. Tommy saw him as a man who got things done, a clever fighter and a clean one.

So it's quite understandable why our command wanted to get Rommel. Not only was he wielding his Afrika Korps with uncomfortable success, but he was also a potential menace to the morale of our troops.

But have the critics as sound a



Von Rundstedt (Leo G. Carroll) bewails the hopelessness of "fighting a war by horoscope" during the invasion. Rommel sees only one way to stop the slaughter



Gangster fashion, two of Hitler's henchmen call on Rommel to "take him for a ride." He says goodbye to his son Manfred (William Reynolds)



Rommel is appalled by the "no retreat—not even a millimetre" order he gets from Hitler after the El Alamein battle

reason for getting at *Rommel—Desert Fox*?

Well, let's pinch a line from that dramatic prologue. Let's pin down one of these raiders and ask him: "Are you serious, film critic?"

For with few exceptions the main thrust of the attack is angled on the moral issue of the picture—the questionable taste of making a hero out of a man who fought for Hitler. Now we don't want to get bogged down in a political argument so let's stick to pure facts.

They come from a field officer, Brigadier Desmond Young, on whose biography of Rommel the film is based. Remember, Young spent many painstaking years piecing the story together, fact by fact.

And all of these facts appear in the film.

Are you serious then, film critic, when you fire off these "moral" charges?

Rommel, after all, was a professional soldier. We have them, too, you know.

But because Rommel fought on Hitler's orders that doesn't make him a sinister Nazi. Indeed, as *Rommel—Desert Fox* tragically shows, the field marshal paid the price of turning against the Hitler gang when he discovered precisely what his Führer stood for.

Anything wrong, then, in tracing the end of an enemy whose armies were thoroughly licked by the Allies?

Fizzling Out

One more point. In the making of the film Hollywood for once has been discreetness itself. It starts the Rommel story at the beginning of his end. No long sequences of our changing fortunes in the desert to embarrass us.

No, I think the critics backed a loser when they decided to go for the film. Even as I write this, dispatches from the front suggest that the attack has fizzled out—*Rommel—Desert Fox* has set up queue records in the West End.

And why not? Above everything else it is entertainment—punchy, pulsating picturegoing.

Thanks to Mason, as Rommel.

With this one performance our James wipes off all his *Reckless Moments, East Side, West Sides* and *One Way Streets*.

Oddly enough, the only time he is overshadowed on the screen is when he meets his superior officer, von Rundstedt, as played by Leo G. Carroll.

Yes, I'm on Mason's side in this screen war.

And as Brigadier—then Lieutenant-Colonel—Young felt he had to salute the field marshal while a prisoner of the Germans, so I think I'll peel off a smart one to Darryl Zanuck for giving the order to make *Rommel—Desert Fox*.

HARRY WHITE

James Mason as the field marshal in *Rommel—Desert Fox*. With this performance he wins his spurs on the Hollywood battlefield



DON'T GROW OLD, Mr. Tracy

Do we want to see Spencer Tracy playing an elderly man with tears in his voice? That's the sort of rôle he's saddled with in "The People Against O'Hara," says Leonard Wallace

LIONEL BARRYMORE used to make a speciality of playing broken-down lawyers. And he played them with such relish for their quavering decrepitude that his big court scenes became stock material for those clever performers who make a living by impersonating the stars.

Now it looks as though Spencer Tracy is following the Barrymore path to this questionable form of immortality. In *The People Against O'Hara,* which is released next week, he plays very much the same kind of character that launched Barrymore on his emotional courtroom tear-baths.

Tracy appears as a brilliant criminal lawyer who has yielded to the demon alcohol, but, unlike Barrymore, when the film opens he has fought it successfully and has retired to a safe civil practice.

However, a young fellow of his neighbourhood is arrested for robbery and murder. The old lion of the criminal courts comes out of his lair to fight the case for the boy.

Inevitably, the strain of being lawyer and investigator at the same time—for no very clear reason—tells on him and he takes to the bottle again. Under the influence, he foolishly bribes a crooked witness and thus brings disaster upon his case.

Stubbornly, he refuses to be beaten, pursues certain elusive evidence and eventually brings the real killer to book, destroying himself in the process.

At no point in the picture does Tracy pull out the emotional stops as Lionel Barrymore used to do. This is not the whole gamut of legal lachrymosity; merely, perhaps, a tentative improvisation. But it is enough.

Enough to suggest that Tracy may be destined for other rôles depicting ageing weaklings with whisky in their tummies and tears in their voices.

A Bad Thing At Fifty

If this is so, it is a bad thing, for surely Tracy is not yet, for all his fifty years, ready for this rather synthetic kind of screen emotionalism.

Surely the *Father of the Bride* is a much more wholesome character for a man in the prime of his life to play? And that, proven and highly successful, is only one alternative. There are others. Tracy's next two pictures, for instance, are *The Plymouth Adventure* and *Pat and Mike.* The former is a story about the Pilgrim Fathers and the early American settlers; the latter, a gay piece with Katharine Hepburn as co-star.

So it seems that Tracy and his producers haven't gone completely overboard for old-age emotionalism.

But the seed has been sown, and before it has any chance to ripen I want to say: Don't grow old, Mr. Tracy. And, M-G-M, don't push your most versatile actor towards old age before his time.

That Ageless Quality

A check-up on his past career will show that Tracy is possibly not only M-G-M's most versatile actor, but also the most versatile in Hollywood. *Fury, Captains Courageous, Boys' Town, Cass Timberlane*—just four pictures selected at random, but not many other stars could show such variety with a casual pick from the bunch.

But more important than versatility is the quality of agelessness which has marked Tracy's best performances from *Fury* down to *Father's Little Dividend.* You're just not conscious of the man's age while you're watching him on the screen.

Fine, powerful acting, added to a strong personality, is enough. Where that combination exists, picturegoers will never get around to thinking about the actor's age. That is the crucial test.

I have never seen Tracy play any sort of romantic scene which wasn't wholly convincing. Age in years has nothing to do with conviction on the screen when the power to act is undimmed.

To most of us, Spencer Tracy is a man in the prime of life, a vigorous, sometimes whimsical fellow still capable of the more virile emotions.

I saw him not so long ago, when he was last in London, and he certainly didn't look any older than he did when he was here making *Edward, My Son.* He is still the twinkling-eyed, vital figure who gave such virility and strength to the headstrong father in that picture.

Certainly his hair is white, but so is that of many younger men; and, anyway, it is not the colour of hair, but the strength of spirit which counts in screen acting.

No, Spencer Tracy is capable of giving us very many more virile and dynamic characterizations, many more youthful grandfathers—as in *Father's Little Dividend*—before he must have recourse to the semi-senility of aged screen alcoholics.



John O'Hara (James Arness) is jailed on a murder charge. Lawyer Curtayne (Spencer Tracy), coming out of retirement to defend him, hits the bottle



Tracy receives staunch backing from "daughter" Diana Lynn in the film. Will he keep picturegoers' support if he plays more elderly-man rôles?

Talking Of

Shop for your films with the most authoritative guide to picturegoing published in Britain—compiled by Lionel Collier and "Picturegoer's" team of expert film critics

Main

The Blue Veil[C★★★★]

Jane Wyman **Charles Laughton**

THIS is a four-handkerchief film. But it's a weepie with something special—an immaculate performance by Jane Wyman.

It is based on a story by François Campaux, which was previously filmed in France with Gaby Morlay in the lead. The film, shown here in 1947, was regarded as a classic.

So Jane Wyman was up against tough opposition in portraying the "nanny" who devotes her life to the care of other people's children after having lost her own child.

She comes up with flying colours and makes the character of Louise irresistibly sympathetic and human.

Louise decides to become a children's nurse after the death of her husband in the first World War. Her first post is as nanny to the child of a wealthy widower.

It is during this part of her life that she strikes up a sincere friendship with the proprietor of a toy shop—a friendship which is destined to last most of her life.

However, her employer wants to marry her, but she refuses, and her next assignment is with a wealthy young couple. Again she is given an offer of marriage.

The most tragic sequence in the picture is when she is accused of kidnapping a boy, a lad whom for eight years she had regarded as her own son. And there is a deeply moving climax.

As the wealthy widower, Charles Laughton has the most sympathetic rôle of his career and he makes the most of it.

Cyril Cusack, as the kindly toy-shop proprietor, is also outstanding. In fact, everyone in the long cast plays up ably to Jane Wyman's inspiring lead. L. C.

R-K-O-Radio. American. "U" certificate. Runs 114 minutes. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt. Screenplay by Norman Corwin. Release date November 26.

Louise, JANE WYMAN; *Begley,* CHARLES LAUGHTON; *Annie,* JOAN BLONDELL; *Kean,* RICHARD CARLSON; *Fleur Palfrey,* AGNES MOOREHEAD; *Dr. Palfrey,* DON TAYLOR; *Helen Williams,* AUDREY TOTTER; *Frank Conrad,* CYRIL CUSACK; *District Attorney,* EVERETT SLOANE; *Stephanie,* NATALIE WOOD; *Bill Ashworth,* WARNER ANDERSON; *Professor George Carter,* ALAN NAPIER; *Mr. Hull,* HENRY MORGAN; *Alicia,* VIVIAN VANCE; *Joplin,* LES TREMAYNE; *Doctor,* JOHN RIDGELY; *Williams,* DAN O'HERLIHY; *Henry Palfrey,* CARLETON G. YOUNG; *Pelt,* DAN SEYMOUR.

The Brave Bulls[★★]

Miroslava **Mel Ferrer**

BASED on the novel by Tom Lea, this picture deals with a famous Mexican matador who loses his nerve, but in a moment of crisis in the bullring regains his self-confidence. It is the sensitive acting of Mel Ferrer in the lead that carries the film.

Otherwise it is too drawn out, too talkative and too deficient in thrills. Maybe the censor's scissors were responsible for the third criticism.

The story sets out to show that bullfighting is as much a religion as a sport with the Latin race. The romantic element is supplied by a gold-digger with whom the matador is in love. When the girl and his manager are killed in a car smash, the matador's nerve goes completely. It is only restored when he saves his young brother, an aspiring matador, from being gored.

The film is bound to provoke comparison with *The Bullfighter and the Lady,* and, frankly, it falls short of that earlier story on the same subject. Scenes in the bullring, for instance, have nothing like the dramatic punch of those in the Robert Stack picture.

Miroslava makes a glamorous gold-digger, and Anthony Quinn is effective as the manager. Eugene Iglesias is exuberant as the matador's young brother. L. C.

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Runs 106 minutes. Directed by Robert Rossen. Screenplay by John Bright. Released November 5.

Luis Bello, MEL FERRER; *Linda de Calderon,* MIROSLAVA; *Raul Fuentes,* ANTHONY QUINN; *Pepe Bello,* EUGENE IGLESIAS; *Eladio Gomez,* JOSÉ TORVAY; *Raquelita,* CHARLITA; *Mamacita,* FANNY SCHILLER.

Peking Express[★★]

Corinne Calvet **Joseph Cotten**

THERE'S nothing like taking a movie express to exotic parts for livening up a screen life. All points to Rome, or Shanghai, or Berlin—or Peking. Whatever the destination, the formula still holds good.

Murders: anything from one to twenty.

Motives: anything from stolen diamonds to spying for the wrong side.

And the travellers? All present and accounted for and still wearing very well. There's the lush mystery woman—this time Corinne Calvet, who can always be expected to meet a past lover or a future one as the train pulls out of the station.

There's the tough hero—on this occasion he is Joseph Cotten, a stalwart doctor worrying about all the penicillin that is being hijacked by the Harry Limes of the Orient.

There's the business man type, Marvin Miller, who knifes his obtrusive wife. There's a spot of mystery about him, too. And there's a group of Reds thrown in as fellow passengers to make the journey more exciting.

The dialogue is pretty banal, but then who bothers about dialogue when guns are cracking all around and you never know what secrets are likely to be uncovered next?

At any rate William Dieterle has directed it at a smart pace, and Joseph Cotten, Corinne Calvet and the rest take to the violent life with great good humour.

But I'm still wondering whether that express ever *did* get to Peking after all. M. H.

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Runs 85 minutes. Directed by William Dieterle. Screenplay by John Meredyth Lucas. Released November 5.

Dr. Michael Bachlin, JOSEPH COTTEN; *Danielle Grenier,* CORINNE CALVET; *Father Murray,* EDMUND GWENN; *Kwon,* MARVIN MILLER; *Li Eiu,* SOO YONG; *Wong,* BENSON FONG; *Ti Shen,* ROBERT W. LEE.

The People Against O'Hara[★★]

Diana Lynn **Spencer Tracy**

SPENCER TRACY does all he can to make a success of this murder melodrama, but it is hardly his fault that the picture fails to click to any great extent.

Tracy is cast as a retired alcoholic criminal lawyer who returns to his practice to defend a friend on a murder charge.

In spite of his efforts, which include the bribing of a witness, he loses his case. However, he refuses to give up, and eventually convinces the public prosecutor and a homicide squad policeman that it was a frame-up.

He loses his life in the process.

The story is cluttered up with a number of side issues which detract from the main theme.

Pat O'Brien is very good as the policeman, and John Hodiak is convincing as the relentless public prosecutor.

Diana Lynn makes the most of her rôle as the lawyer's daughter, although the part is a small one. The alleged murderer is played with simple naturalness by James Arness.

Actually, the competent cast deserves much better material. L. C.

M-G-M. American. "A" certificate. Runs 103 minutes. Directed by John Sturges. Screenplay by John Monks, jr. Release date November 19.

James P. Curtayne, SPENCER TRACY; *Vince Ricks,* PAT O'BRIEN; *Virginia "Ginny" Curtayne,* DIANA LYNN; *Louis Barra,* JOHN HODIAK; *Knuckles Lanzetta,* EDUARDO CIANNELLI; *Carmilita Lanzetta,* YVETTE DUGUAY; *Jeff Chapman,* RICHARD ANDERSON; *Sven Norson,* JAY C. FLIPPEN; *Fred Colton,* REGIS TOOMEY; *John O'Hara,* JAMES ARNESS; *Frankie Korvac,* WILLIAM CAMPBELL; *Betty Clark,* ANN DORAN; *Judge Percy Keating,* HENRY O'NEILL; *Mr. John O'Hara,* ARTHUR SHIELDS; *Mrs. O'Hara,* LOUISE LORIMER; *Mrs. Sheffield,* KATHARINE WARREN; *Gloria Adler,* PERDITA CHANDLER; *Capt. Tom Mulvaney,* EMILE MEYER; *George Kelly,* C. ANTHONY HUGHES; *Monty Davidson,* DON DILLAWAY; *Al Malloy,* FRANK FERGUSON; *Foster,* MICHAEL DUGAN; *Paul,* DAN FOSTER; *Detective,* JONATHAN COTT; *Interne,* JEFF RICHARDS; *James Korvac,* PETER MAMAKOS; *Lee Keighly,* TINY JIMMIE KELLY; *Court Clerk,* JACK LEE; *Court Bailiff,* LEE PHELPS; *Court Attendant,* GEORGE MAGRILL; *Vincent Korvac,* LAWRENCE TOLAN.

Double Bill

Reunion In Reno[C★★]

Peggy Dow **Mark Stevens**

IN most pictures dealing with divorce, the judge makes the final decisions and innocent offspring merely go where they are told. Here the order is changed.

Maggie Linaker, a nine-year-old, played by Gigi Perreau, believes she is a burden to her humble foster parents. Rather than embarrass them, she slips off to Reno and instructs a lawyer, Norman Drake, to get her her freedom. Drake consults Laura, his sympathetic stenographer girl friend. Maggie's case is put before an understanding "beak," and he, tongue-in-cheek, brings about a reconciliation between the girl and her foster parents, which in turn means wedding bells for Drake and Laura.

It sounds—and is—a lot of nonsense, but Gigi Perreau, generously supported by Mark Stevens and Peggy Dow, completely disarming as Norman and Laura, puts it over perfectly naturally. R. H. B.

G.F.D.-Universal-International. American. "U" certificate. Runs 79 minutes. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Screenplay by Hans Jacoby and Shirley White. In release.

Norman Drake, MARK STEVENS; *Laura Carson,* PEGGY DOW; *Maggie,* GIGI PERREAU; *Mrs. Linaker,* FRANCES DEE; *Judge Kneeland,* RAY COLLINS; *Mr. Linaker,* LEIF ERICKSON; *Miss Pearson,* FAY BAKER; *Mrs. Mason,* MYRNA DELL; *Taxi Driver,* DICK WESSEL.

Flaming Feather[C★★]

Barbara Rush **Sterling Hayden**

HORSE operas seldom vary much in plot, but some provide better subjects for Technicolor than others. Here is a good example.

Its yarn about a tough young hombre (Sterling Hayden) and a keen U.S. Army officer (Forrest Tucker) who compete with one another to expose a mysterious rider is far from new,

Films



Richard Carlson, Warner Anderson and Jane Wyman in *The Blue Veil*. Wyman's performance as a children's nurse is immaculate. Lifting the veil : The title refers to a part of a French nanny's traditional uniform

but the attractive uniforms of the cavalry, the gay shirts of the cowboys, the rich plumage of the Redskins and, above all, the lush backgrounds lend themselves so admirably to colour photography that the old malarky acquires a fresh and exhilarating look.

Needless to say, you can safely take the youngsters. R. H. B.

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Runs 78 minutes. Colour by Technicolor. Directed by Ray Enright. Screenplay by Gerald Drayson Adams. Released November 12.

Tex MacCloud, Sterling Hayden; *Nora Logan,* Barbara Rush; *Lieut. Blaine,* Forrest Tucker; *Showdown Calhoun,* Richard Arlen; *Carolina,* Arleen Whelan; *Lucky Lee,* Victor Jory; *Sergt. Mike O'Rourke,* Edgar Buchanan; *Doc Fallon,* George Cleveland; *Tombstone Jack,* Ian MacDonald; *Turquoise,* Carol Thurston.

When The Redskins Rode[C☆☆]

Mary Castle **Jon Hall**

IF you like rollicking outdoor pictures, this is your cup of tea. Briefly, it's about a Redskin prince who is courted by rival British and French colonists, but after allowing his judgment to be swayed temporarily by a beautiful French spy, finally comes down heavily on the side of the British.

It's easy to question the authenticity of the plot, but one cannot deny that it is lively hokum.

Portrayed with serial-like enthusiasm by Jon Hall, Mary Castle and a hard-working cast, it unfolds at the gallop and is deadly with the bow and arrow. And there is Supercinecolor for good measure. R. H. B.

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Runs 77 minutes. Colour by Supercinecolor. Directed by Lew Landers. Screenplay by Robert E. Kent. Released November 12.

Prince Hannoc, Jon Hall; *Elizabeth Leeds,* Mary Castle; *George Washington,* James Seay; *Christopher Gist,* John Ridgely; *Morna,* Sherry Moreland; *Chief Shingiss,* Pedro de Cordoba; *John Delmont,* John Dehner; *Governor Dinwiddie,* Lewis L. Russell; *Appleby,* William Bakewell; *St. Pierre,* Gregory Gay; *Zuneau,* Rusty Westcoatt; *Davey,* Milton B. Kibbee; *Duprez,* Rick Vallin.

According To Mrs. Hoyle[☆]

Spring Byington **Anthony Caruso**

THERE'S good in everyone, according to Mrs. Hoyle (Spring Byington), a retired schoolteacher living in a hotel taken over by retired—and reformed—gangsters.

Maybe there is. But it's not always apparent in the characters in this picture.

When Morganti (Anthony Caruso), chief of the ex-gangsters, decides that the shabby hotel is to be transformed into the town's glittering night spot, he packs off all the guests—all except Mrs. Hoyle and her friend, dance-hall girl Angela (Tanis Chandler). Already he has succumbed to Mrs. Hoyle's influence.

And soon the ex-gangsters are donating to the local church; Morganti himself orders a stained-glass window, in memory of his mother.

But the Hoyle way of life fails to penetrate the bullet-proof vest of Rogan (Robert Karnes). He persuades Slattery (Brett King) to help him on a robbery. And the trouble begins.

With its doubtful sincerity, *According to Mrs. Hoyle* is, according to me, in poor taste. R. H.

Associated British-Pathé-Monogram. American. "U" certificate. Runs 60 minutes. Directed by Jean Yarbrough. Screenplay by W. Scott Darling and Barney Gerard. In release.

Mrs. Hoyle, Spring Byington; *Morganti,* Anthony Caruso; *Angela Brown,* Tanis Chandler; *Slattery,* Brett King; *Judge Guthrie,* Stephen Chase; *Rogan,* Robert Karnes; *Prosecuting Attorney,* James Flavin; *Willie,* Paul Bryar; *Pat Dennison,* Tristram Coffin; *Charlie,* Charles Williams; *Gordon Warren,* Harry Lauter; *Rev. Haverford,* Michael Whalen; *Minister,* Leander de Cordova; *Hotel Clerk,* Wilbur Mack; *Detectives,* Don Harvey and Rory Mallinson; *Watchman,* Frank Jaquet; *Female Court Attendant,* Marcell Imhoff; *Bailiff,* Baron James Lichter; *Police Officer in Hospital,* Joey Ray; *Clerk of Court,* Ted Stanhope.

The Showdown[☆]

Marie Windsor **William Elliott**

VENGEANCE is not so sweet, says this story of an ex-Texas state policeman, Shadrach Jones (William Elliott), who swears to get even with the man who murdered his brother.

The picture shows us that a man obsessed with hate soon becomes bitter and unsociable towards all people.

Learning that the killer is among the men working for Cap MacKellar (Walter Brennan), Jones takes the job of guiding MacKellar's cowboys to Montana, so he can find which one is the murderer.

With them goes Adelaide Gilbert (Marie Windsor).

Jones gets tough with the men; the men get tough with Jones. Miss Gilbert is nice to Jones; Jones is rude to Miss Gilbert.

One or two twists keep the plot alive. R. H.

Republic. American. "A" certificate. Runs 86 minutes. Directed by Dorrell and Stuart McGowan. Screenplay by Dorrell and Stuart McGowan. Released November 12.

Shadrach Jones, William Elliott; *Captain MacKellar,* Walter Brennan; *Adelaide,* Marie Windsor; *Rod Main,* Henry Morgan; *Cokecherry,* Rhys Williams; *Cochran,* Jim Davis; *Mike Shattay,* William Ching; *Gonzales,* Nacho Galindo; *Big Mart,* Leif Erickson; *Dutch,* Henry Rowland; *Indian Joe,* Charles Stevens; *Hemp,* Victor Kilian; *Davis,* Yakima Canutt; *Pickney,* Guy Teague; *Terry,* William Steele; *Bartender,* Jack Sparks.

The Stooges Go West[☆]

The Three Stooges **George O'Brien**

AS pedlars of pairs of spectacles, the Three Stooges peddle an old line. The gags they peddle are even older. But they do bring laughs to an otherwise hackneyed Western.

Teaming up with insurance investigator George O'Brien against Lyle Talbot and his bandits, the Stooges prove that they can be a great help—to the bandits.

For me, too much of the picture is too sane. The director should have borrowed a pair of the Stooges' spectacles when shooting the "straight" parts of the plot. R. H.

Monarch. American. "U" certificate. Runs 46 minutes. Directed by Edward Bernds. Release date not fixed.

George O'Brien, George O'Brien; *The Stooges,* Moe Howard, Shemp Howard, Larry Fine; *Doc Mason,* Clem Bevans; *Laura,* Sheila Ryan; *Taggert,* Lyle Talbot; *John Sawyer,* Monte Blue; *The Sheriff,* Fuzzy Knight; *Sandy,* Hugh Hooker; *The Singer,* Remy Paquet; *Clete,* John Merton; *Utah,* Andre Adoree; *Slim,* Roy Canada; *Red,* Bill Ward.

Casa Mañana[C☆]

Virginia Welles **Robert Clarke**

SPANIARDS are supposed always to be putting off things until *mañana* (tomorrow)—a tomorrow that rarely comes.

Now this is hardly an excuse for a makeshift story tacked on to a series of cabaret acts.

What we get is this: Linda Mason (Virginia Welles) is a secretary who wants to be a crooner; Horace Fairchild III (Robert Karnes) is an advertising chief who wants his secretary to be a wife—to himself; and Larry Sawyer (Robert Clarke) is a Press agent who presses Linda to be both a crooner and wife to—himself.

So Larry opens his heart and his new night club to her. And Mr. Fairchild belies his name, doing his underhand best to see that the "Casa Mañana" doesn't open that day, *mañana,* or any other day. R. H.

A.B.-Pathé-Monogram. American. "U" certificate. Runs 73 minutes. Directed by Jean Yarbrough. Screenplay by Bill Raynor. Released November 12.

Linda, Virginia Welles; *Larry,* Robert Clarke; *Horace,* Robert Karnes; *Pedro,* Tony Roux; *Honey La Verne,* Carol Brewster; *Maury,* Paul Maxey; *Rusty,* Jean Richey; *Joke,* Jim Rio; *Jock,* Frank Rio; *Jack,* Larry Rio; *Eddie Le Baron and his Orchestra,* Eddie Le Baron and his Orchestra; *Spade Cooley,* Spade Cooley; *Yadira Jiminez,* Yadira Jiminez; *Zarco and D'Lores,* Zarco and D'Lores; *Mercer Brothers,* Mercer Brothers; *Armando and Lita,* Armando and Lita; *Betty and Beverly,* Betty and Beverly; *Olga Perez,* Olga Perez; *Davis and Johnson,* Davis and Johnson.

Additional Releases

Rommel—Desert Fox[★★★]

GRIPPING adaptation of Desmond Young's biography of the German general who was forced to commit suicide by Hitler. James Mason in one of the best performances of his career; Leo. G. Carroll outstanding as Field Marshal von Rundstedt. (Reviewed by L. C., Picturegoer, October 13.)

M[★★]

REMAKE of the twenty-year-old German film about a baby-killer who is eventually brought to justice by the underworld. David Wayne scores in his first "heavy" screen rôle. (Reviewed by M. H., Picturegoer, September 22.)

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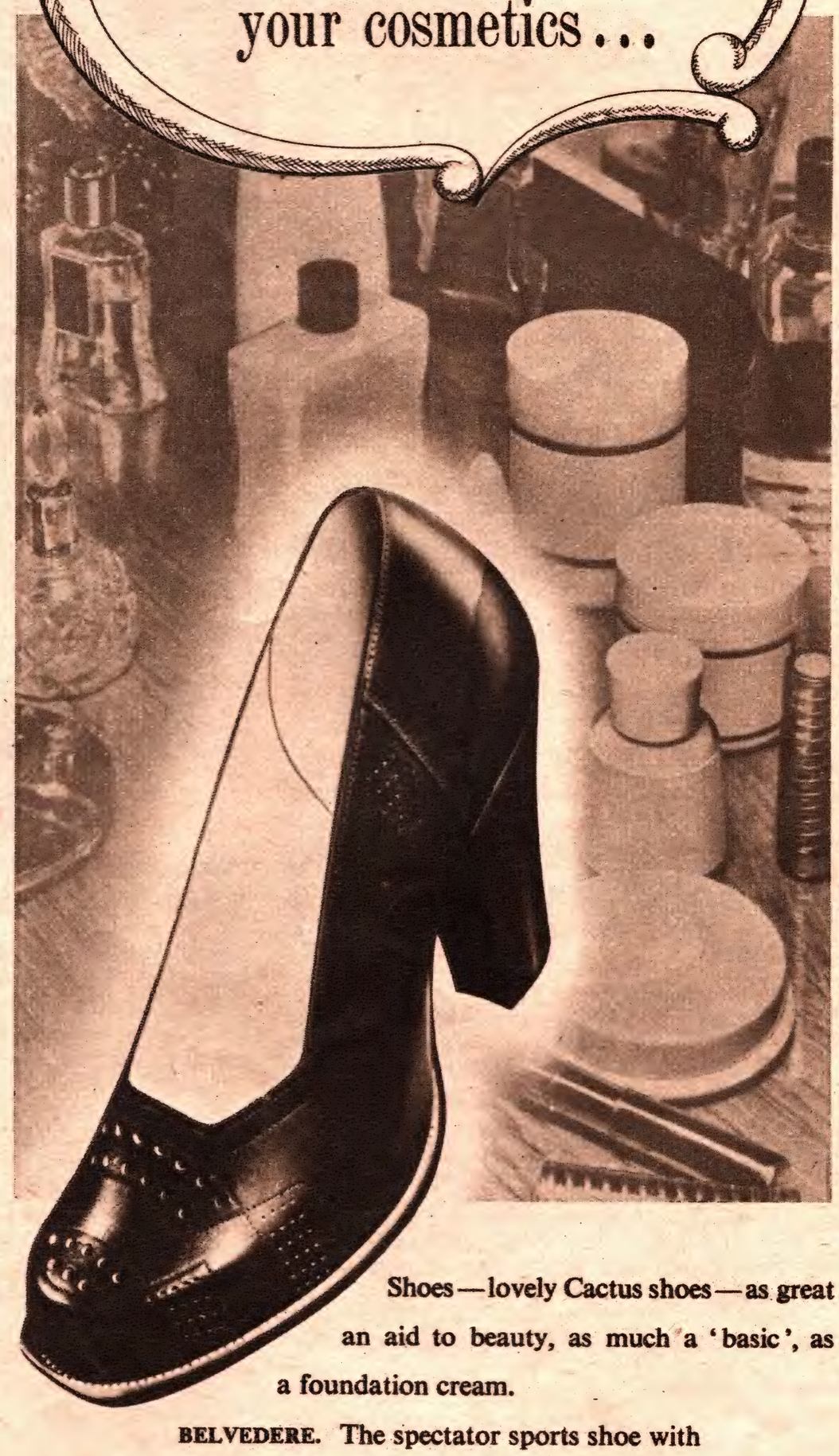


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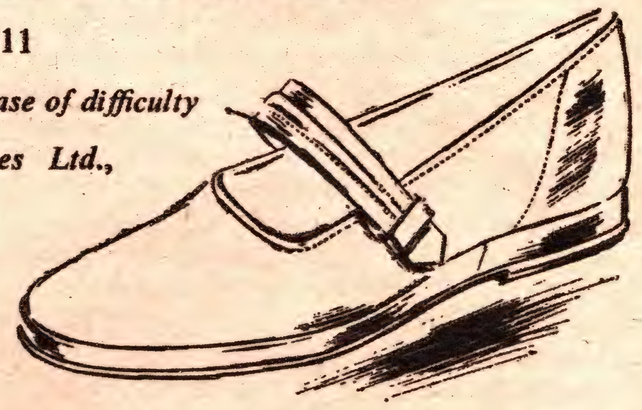


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MAKE A NOTE OF NINA

Nina Foch believes it's her business to act. But for just that reason, it seems, she hasn't had a real break



HOLLYWOOD likes its young actresses to play ball, to smile when they're given orders. But from the start, when Nina Foch was sent for by Columbia after she'd had a few moderately successful Broadway parts, she showed little sign of wanting to play things the regulation way.

Quite early, she announced politely but firmly that she had no desire to pose for pin-up pictures. She had a quaint belief that her business in the film city was acting.

And by all the pointers, that seems to be just the reason why Nina, who's due for a tour of local cinemas in *St. Benny the Dip*, hasn't been given a major crack at acting since she reached Hollywood. Instead of being booked to stardom, Nina has had a string of parts of which the *St. Benny* rôle is typical.

Not that she doesn't give a thoroughly competent performance, and not that this Runyonesque picture isn't good entertainment in its modest way. But the part Nina plays is a routine one that any one of a dozen young featured players could have tackled with ease.

Now, Nina Foch has always stood out as an intriguingly different personality. When she's been given the opportunity, she has shown intelligence and deep feeling on the screen. But the chances haven't come often.

Double Bill Mill

When she first reached the studios she was pushed into a run of second features. And even the minor break in the top supporting rôle in *The Guilt of Janet Ames*, with Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas, did little to compensate her for the long months spent on the second feature treadmill.

So when the chance came to return to New York and the theatre, Nina went. She was a decided hit, and several critics hailed her as the most outstanding young actress of the season.

Having proved her point—that she really could act if allowed to do so in her own way—Nina promptly returned to Hollywood.

There, a couple of moderately fatted calves were offered to her in the shape of *The Dark Past* and *Undercover Man*. In one she was tough and smouldering, in the other a demure wife, a contrast that suggested Hollywood had learned to understand the single-minded Miss Foch and had big things in store for her. If she cared to wait, that is.

A Musical Score

That suggestion was false. Nina was slipped back into the "programme picture" bracket, and it was not until she made *An American in Paris* for M-G-M that we saw another flash of real ability.

As the rich girl who patronized the arts—especially when the artist happened to be a personable young man—she made a real character out of someone many actresses would have been content to leave as a stock figure.

A girl who can do that in a musical is someone Hollywood ought to be reckoning with. But you can never reckon on Hollywood.

There's another point. Nina's family background is one of culture. Her father was a distinguished Dutch orchestra leader; her mother a former Broadway star, Consuela Flowerton. Artists and diplomats figure in her ancestry.

Perhaps this is not the best sort of background for a girl seeking screen success in Hollywood. It is apt to have bred too much independence, too much clarity of vision, too much contempt for the second-rate.

But, in Nina's case, it has also produced a provocative charm, hard to define and harder still, probably, to fit into conventional movie requirements.

Maybe, one day, some shrewd and imaginative producer will solve that particular problem. Then they may even have the nerve to describe Nina Foch as a discovery.

DUNCAN BLAIR

Nina Foch. She shows up well in *St. Benny the Dip*, but she has a part that any second-string actress could easily have played

NEXT WEEK

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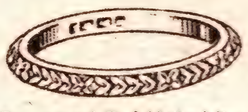
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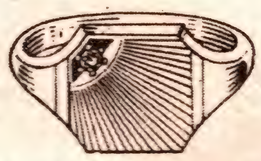
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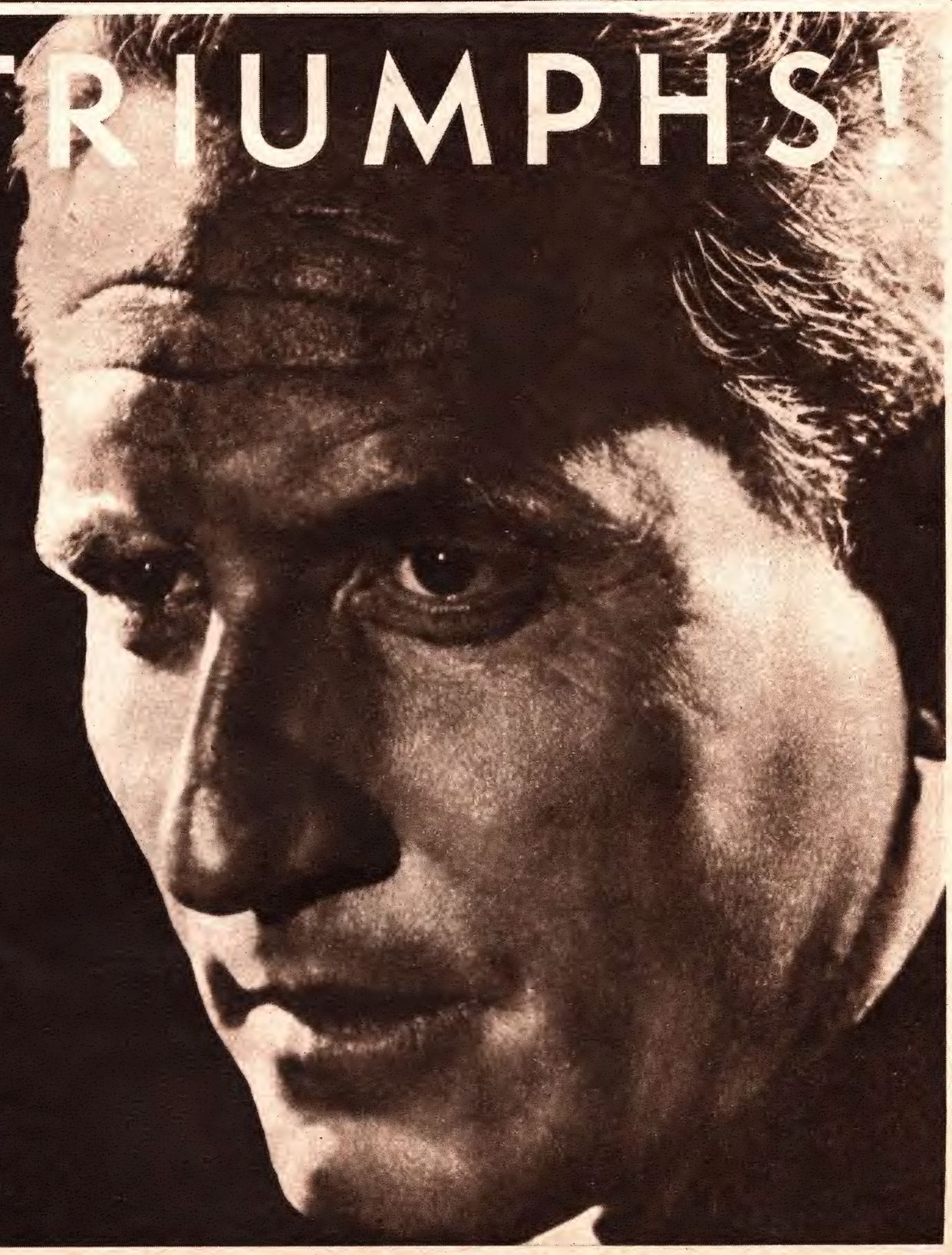
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SCREENPLAY BY JOHN MONKS, Jnr.
FROM THE NOVEL BY ELEAZAR LIPSKY

Picked Up At The Previews

CRIME WAVE

By Margaret Hinxman

We're back to bullets and bashings—but this time the rough stuff's dished out by the law

IT'S at home week for thugs, crooks and shysters. Crime, crime all the way, penny plain and tuppence coloured . . . we've been picking up more than the average quota of it at the previews recently.

This time, though, Hollywood seems to be getting really worried about the brutal cop, as a relief from the brutal gangster.

The other week we were watching Detective Dana Andrews being too handy with his fists in *Where the Sidewalk Ends*.

In the soon-to-be-seen *M*, copper Steve Brodie advocates justice by rubber hose and knuckleduster.

Now, in *Detective Story*, Kirk Douglas roughs up the bad boys because his pop was a bad boy who was apt to do a spot of roughing up himself.

Even in his conversation Douglas packs a neat line in quick jabs.

"I'm a bricklayer," whines a draped-shape toughie with a record from here to there.

"The only thing you ever laid was a two-dollar bet," counters Kirk, with a friendly snarl and a playful cuff.

As Hollywood tells it, half the cops on the Force must be busy wiping out the past sins of the old man. But, we must admit, Hollywood tells it awfully well.

☆ ☆ ☆

Authenticity is a fine aim. But when, as in that otherwise first-rate Western, "Across the Wide Missouri," something like a third of the running time is given over to careful translations of French and Indian into English, and English into Indian, I begin to wonder whether the film-makers might not have soft-pedalled the bi-and-tri-lingual aspects of the movie in favour of whipping along the plot a little more slickly.

Contrariwise, of course, I should hate to go back to the bad old movie days when Indians were credited with understanding and speaking English from birth and trappers learned the Indian lingo, apparently, at their mother's knee.

Moderation, as W. C. Fields would have pompously put it, moderation!

☆ ☆ ☆

Trivial point, but the trivialities matter.

How much of the voice on the *other* end of a screen telephone conversation should picturegoers hear? Sometimes it comes over loud and clear; sometimes you don't hear it at all.

While making *The People Against O'Hara*, some enterprising soul seems to have taken the trouble to listen in to two people talking over the telephone. The result is a tinny, unintelligible rumble on the soundtrack, and it's as nearly right as a film has yet managed.

☆ ☆ ☆

A word of caution to the makers of cops - and - crime thrillers. Don't overload your movies with too much casual technical detail. If you must, make sure it's intelligible.

I enjoyed the Spencer Tracy picture, "The People Against O'Hara," but when emphasis fell heavily on the legal aspects of the case, I found myself a good ten minutes behind the fast-moving plot.

Strange to be cautioning movie-makers for over-estimating our knowledge. Usually it's a case of berating them for reducing everything—from a Lassie adventure to the Negro problem—to words of one syllable.

☆ ☆ ☆

I'll go a long way with actresses who want to get out of a rut.

But I did think those ladylike "aints" of Gene Tierney struck a faintly incongruous note in *The Secret of Convict Lake*.

And the spectacle of Ethel Barrymore—staunch, stern and looking more like brother Lionel with every appearance—directing operations from her bed and ringing a bell to summon the girls, is entertaining but not really very convincing.

Much more to the point is Ruth Donnelly's kind, sour-tongued pioneer-type whose "first husband went hunting for the fountain of youth; he got killed by the wolves. He got what he wanted though—he never grew old."

☆ ☆ ☆

All sorts of phenomena come out of the West.

But just when you think that nothing could surprise you any more, you get an eyeful of Barbara Payton, in "Dallas," tramping around the primitive Western landscape, and an even more primitive log cabin, in a snow-white frilly skirt, obviously fresh from the soapflakes.

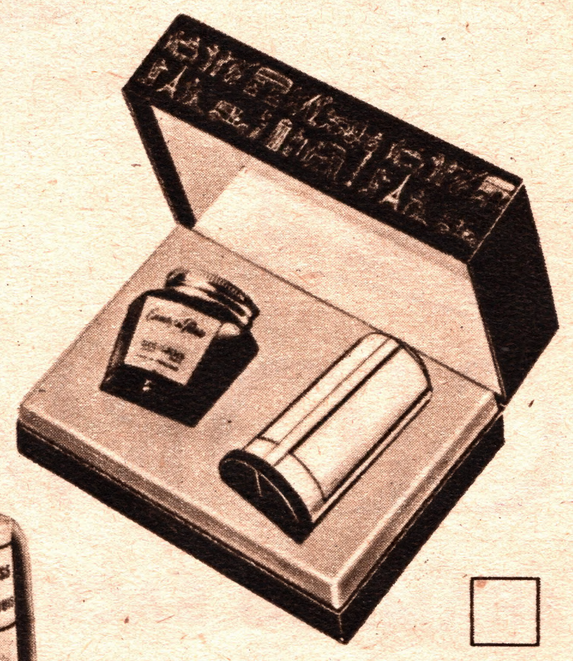
In other respects, though, there's nothing tattle-tale grey about this movie.

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FOCUS ON FILMS

Continued from page 3

the best-ever Westerns, *The Oklahoma Kid*.

Cagney should have made more Westerns. Is it too late now?—*E. Morgan Jones, The Regent, Llandudno Junction, North Wales.*

Lynn's Mother Rôle

W. H. Mooring states (PICTUREGOER, October 20) that in *Oh, Money, Money,* Lynn Bari will be playing a mother for the first time. I am certain that in *Home Sweet Homicide* she played the mother of juvenile stars Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell and Connie Marshall.—*G. Shaw, 86 North Circular Road, Brentfield Estate, Willesden, N.W.10.*

● You're right, of course. Thanks for spotting the point.

That Collision!

Last night, in *When Worlds Collide,* I saw the world come to an end, and thoroughly enjoyed it. I am happy to say that the old girl went down valiantly, fighting to the last, shooting off all her volcanoes like machine guns at the approaching enemy!—*Mary Morgan, 11 Mercia House, Denmark Road, London, S.E.5.*

. . . Surely the new planet could have been more convincing than the pasteboard and canvas paradise we glimpsed. It appeared at variance with the snow-covered landscape on which the space-ship landed.—*Don Walter, 44 Eastcote Road, Harrow, Middlesex.*

Teaming Jane And Bob

After *His Kind of Woman,* I certainly think Jane Russell is not Bob Mitchum's kind of woman.

As for their making a series of pictures together, I'm all against it.—*D. Hall (Miss), 1 Cornwood Gardens, Whitley Estate, Reading, Berks.*

● But. . . .

. . . Jane Russell and Robert Mitchum make a very good screen partnership, although Mitchum's most successful partner was attractive little Jane Greer.—*J. M. Whippey (Mrs.), 457 Basingstoke Road, Reading.*

Happy Landing!

Having visited a studio and witnessed a scene where the hero jumped from the deck of a burning vessel into the "sea," I wonder if it's wise to go behind the scenes.

When I see that picture I'll see the hero land, not in the sea, but on a pile of mattresses!—*A. Sidwell, Craigendoran, Lichfield Road, Branston, Staffs.*

GEORGE

YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT OSKAR WERNER



So the film expert supplies the information

OSKAR WERNER'S performance as "Happy," the young anti-Nazi soldier of *Decision Before Dawn,* has pushed him up to this week's pride-of-the-poll place in my count of readers' film-query letters.

Reader **P. Merrivale** of Liverpool kicks off by asking for details of Werner's early life.

It was while he was still a schoolboy in Vienna—he was born there twenty-seven years ago—that Oskar first played small parts in films. When he graduated from high school, he was already well established at Vienna's Burg Theatre.

From 1941 he served as a corporal in the German Army, and was discharged as medically unfit three years later. He married Viennese actress Elizabeth Kallina in 1943, and resumed film and stage work at the end of the war.

Reader **J. Dongray** of Woodford Green, Essex, asks about Oskar's appearance in *The Angel with the Trumpet.* In this, his first major film, he portrayed the lazy son Herman who stole his mother's jewels and became a Nazi. Oskar's other film appearances have been in *Eroica, Wonder of Our Days* (both Austrian), *A Smile in the Storm* (French) and the soon-to-be-seen *The Wonder Kid.*

Looking to the future, reader **N. Bailey** of Acton, London, W.3, asks if Oskar is due for another screen appearance. He certainly is. The actor has a seven-year contract for two films a year with Twentieth Century-Fox. Next is a co-starring assignment with Richard Basehart in *The Steeper Cliff,* to be filmed in Germany in the near future.

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